# [After School](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

Kaidan has the world's biggest crush on his best friend, but Shepard doesn't feel the same way. At least, Kaidan doesn't think he does.

When Shepard finds out he's having surgery in a few days, he confesses something Kaidan never would have expected.

(Sequel to Games of Chance.)

# After School

**Author's Note:**

I just wanted to write awkward virgins attempting to bang, okay. It happens.

Kaidan knew there were people at his high school that actually *dated* other people, that actually held hands and kissed and maybe even shared a bed and did *other stuff* when someone's parents were out for the weekend.

He knew they existed.

He just wasn't friends with any of them.

Except for Shepard, maybe. He seemed like he'd do that kind of thing. And Shepard was the kind of guy Kaidan's mom described as "classically handsome" and Ash just described as "soooo hot." Kaidan was neither of those things. He was an awkward nerd who could never keep his hair under control and wore bifocals even though he was barely eighteen. And there was the fact that he wasn't athletic at all, had been growing body hair like some kind of lumberjack since Sophomore year, and his body hadn't gotten rid of any of that baby fat everyone *swore* he'd lose once he hit puberty.

Yeah, he wasn't "getting any," as Joker put it. Then again, Joker wasn't getting any, either. That was probably why he and Kaidan were friends.

Kaidan had at least made one foray into the world of hormone-riddled teenagers trying to figure out how romance was supposed to work—he'd kissed his crush.

His crush just happened to be his hot, classically handsome best friend who had a jawline that could cut diamond and a body pretty much *made* for the swim team (dear God, Shepard, why did it have to be the swim team!?). *And* Kaidan had only kissed him because they were both tipsy and Joker dared them to play chicken, and Shepard was overly competitive and Kaidan wanted so, *so* badly to lay one on him.

When he kissed Shepard, it felt like all his dreams were coming true, or something a little like that, but maybe a little less Disney-movie-ish.

When he saw Shepard in school two days later and Shepard pretended like it hadn't happen, Kaidan's illusions that life was perfect and he'd never feel sadness again because he'd finally kissed a boy all shattered at once.

Kaidan resigned himself to the fact that he was probably never going to kiss a boy again, but at least he could remember every single detail of that first kiss. He replayed it in his head over and over, laying flat on his back in bed, his blankets thrown off because even with the windows open, it was too hot. He thought about the way Shepard's knees bumped his, the way Shepard's breath felt against his mouth, then he thought about what it would have been like if Garrus and Joker hadn't been watching to make sure they went through with the dare.

Would Shepard have kept going? Would he have put a hand on Kaidan's shoulder, his opposite one cupping Kaidan's chin, tilting his head just like in the intense final kiss of all those period dramas Kaidan pretended not to like. Would have have kept going, harder and faster, like… well… Kaidan didn't have a working knowledge of how making out felt, but he could imagine Shepard's tongue running over his lower lip, maybe Shepard tipping the two of them back so he was on top of Kaidan, and then Kaidan would kiss his neck and Shepard would say his name, or he'd say something else, quiet, a little breathless.

His fantasy continued to play out until, in his mind, he had Shepard pinning him to the bed, one hand in his hair (in real life, Kaidan had his own fingers threaded through his curls), Shepard kissing him over and over. Kaidan thought he might like it if Shepard gave him a hickey.

He could feel himself getting hard, and he opened his legs just a little and stuffed a hand over his mouth to keep from moaning. Not that anyone would hear. If he looked down, he'd probably see the tent in his boxers, but he kept his head tilted back, rested a hand on his belly and thought about whether he should actually do this, or…

Or stop thinking about… about *sex* with his best friend, roll over, and go to sleep like a normal person would. He knew *Shepard* had never fantasized about *him* before, so why should he…

As he reached for the blanket to pull it over himself again and stifle anything that was threatening to boil over in him, his fingertips just barely brushed against his dick, and all his breath left him at once. He shoved his other hand back over his mouth. He paused for a beat, then tentatively laid the palm of his hand over his dick, let himself push his hips up against the pressure.

It wasn't like he didn't normally *touch himself,* he did, just not normally while thinking of Shepard. Because that was weird. So he shoved Shepard out of his mind as he rubbed the head of his dick through his boxers, then tugged them down just far enough, fearing in the back of his mind that someone would come bursting into his room and catch him in the act. He couldn't tease himself, or he'd get to the point where he could only think about Shepard, so he went for it, curling his hand around his cock and moving in methodical strokes that he knew would get him off fastest.

His own breathing was way too loud. He tried to keep quiet, but every time he stroked over the head of his cock, he gasped a little, hiccuping breath that felt like it echoed through his room.

When he came, he found himself remembering the particular texture of Shepard's lips against his.

He didn't linger in the afterglow, didn't leave any chance he'd come back down and realize that he'd just had an orgasm while thinking about his best friend's mouth. Instead, Kaidan shucked off his boxers and walked to his bathroom to rinse off his hand and the mess on his stomach. He glanced at the mirror, his dark reflection hardly visible. He frowned at himself.

"What did I just do," he mumbled. It wasn't a question. He knew what he'd done.

He didn't know how how the hell he planned on falling asleep afterward.

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Kaidan did eventually fall asleep, if only because he was so tired after his, uh. *Activities.*

It was still gonna be weird to see Shepard at school Monday morning, even weirder than it already was, since they were pretending they hadn't kissed. Now he'd have to look Shepard in the eyes and remember the way his lips came to mind right as Kaidan came. Well. This was going to be the worst.

Except Shepard wasn't there.

Freshman year, Shepard had skipped a lot of classes, enough that he only barely passed, but once he joined the swim team Sophomore year, he had to make it to class or he wouldn't be able to compete. Of course there were the occasional issues—illness, dentist's appointments, away meets that got the entire swim team out of last period—but Shepard hadn't texted him about anything.

Garrus was sitting on Kaidan's desk when he got to his Calculus class. Garrus wasn't in Calculus.

"You seen Shep?" he asked.

Things were getting seriously weird. If anyone kept more consistent tabs on Shepard than Kaidan did, it was Garrus, especially considering the answer to, "where's Shepard?" was normally, "with Garrus."

"Um, nope," Kaidan said. "He hasn't texted you?"

Garrus shook his head. "Where the hell is he?" he muttered, frowning down at the pocket of his hoodie. If Kaidan had to guess, he'd say Garrus's phone was in there, but they weren't technically allowed to have phones in class, so he couldn't check for a text from Shepard.

"Vakarian! Get out of my class!"

Garrus hopped off Kaidan's desk, made his apologies to Kaidan's calculus teacher, and disappeared off down the hall.

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Kaidan checked his phone in the bathroom after English, and found a text from Shepard that read, *"Hey. Be back by lunch. Meet me on the patio?"*

Kaidan told him he would, and headed to his next class feeling a little less worried and a little more at the same time.

He met Shepard on the school's back patio—it was early enough in the year that not many people were eating outside—taking a seat next to him at one of the concrete tables. "What's up?" Kaidan asked. Shepard wasn't eating his sandwich, just picking at the crust in a very un-Shepard-like way.

"I, uh. During swim practice, today, I completely couldn't feel my shoulder."

"What?" Kaidan frowned. "Like… it was numb?"

"No, like, pins and needles, kind of like I sat on it too long or something," Shepard said.

"On your shoulder."

Shepard shoved a bite of the PB+J into his mouth. "Yeah."

"So… what's going on, then? Did you tear something? Or pull something?" Shepard had been injured while swimming before, he'd pulled something in his back last year and missed the finals.

"Yeah, um. I went to this like, sports doctor who's like, connected with the school," Shepard said, "and he says I've got this thing where the muscles in my shoulder are… uh, he used the word 'warped' a lot." Shepard wasn't looking at Kaidan anymore, just down with his sandwich. "Anyway, um. I'm gonna have to have surgery. And they want to set it up soon so I can play during season championships and stuff."

"Seriously?"

Shepard gave him this helpless, pleading look, and Kaidan knew he was entirely serious.

"Oh my god. I'm so sorry, John."

Shepard shrugged. "I'm just kind of. You know, I'm scared. I'm not good at school like you are. Swimming is kind of my thing. And it's senior year."

Kaidan didn't know a lot about sports, but he knew that if Shepard wanted to join a college team, he was going to have to do well in his meets senior year. And recovering from surgery wasn't going to let him perform at his best, and Kaidan's already-intense worry about Shepard was starting to develop into panic. Kaidan laid a hand on Shepard's shoulders, and Shepard leaned into him, hugged him tight. "Anderson says I'm gonna be fine," Shepard said. He hadn't let go of Kaidan. "He says I'll recover from the surgery fast because I'm young, but… I don't really feel better about it."

"It's okay," Kaidan said, rubbing his back slowly. "It's okay if it doesn't make you feel better."

When Shepard finally leaned away from Kaidan, he was smiling. "Yeah, I guess it's okay."

"Do you want to hang out at my house this weekend?" Kaidan asked. He knew Anderson's place could be a madhouse sometimes, and Shepard wasn't going to want to deal with it. He'd probably either end up punching Grunt or getting in a screaming match with Jack, just because he had no other outlet for his frustrations there. At least he and Kaidan could kick each others' asses in video games and come upstairs in the middle of the night to raid the pantry and the fridge.

"Yeah. That'd be cool," Shepard said, and he went back to his peanut butter sandwich with a little more of his usual gusto. They finished their too-short lunch period without much conversation, but Shepard still looked a little calmer.

Kaidan noticed Shepard rubbing his shoulder as they went back inside.

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Shepard had a consultation with an orthopedic surgeon the next day, which all sounded absolutely terrifying until you heard him describe it. "An old guy named Ted looked at pictures of my shoulder for a few hours and then told me when they had time in their schedule to knock me out and cut my body open," he told Kaidan, and Kaidan didn't laugh until Shepard gave him that lopsided smile like he was about to start laughing at his own joke.

Shepard was scheduled to be knocked out and cut open Saturday at 11:00 A.M., which meant Friday night, he was hanging out with Kaidan in their location of choice—Kaidan's basement. Shepard seemed out of it; when they dug out Halo, he kept missing headshots, and when they put a movie on, he didn't laugh at the funny parts or make any sarcastic comments when the characters said something stupid.

"You're really nervous about this," Kaidan observed, partway through the movie, which they were watching on Shepard's laptop, because Kaidan didn't own any R-rated movies except for Top Gun, and it wasn't a Shepard sleepover unless they were watching something raunchy enough to make Kaidan turn all red.

"Hm?" Shepard didn't even look up from the screen.

"I mean, the whole surgery thing," Kaidan said. Shepard folded his arms tighter across the head and his gaze flickered down, like he was trying to find meaning in his laptop's keyboard. Because they were watching it on such a small screen, Shepard was close enough that Kaidan could feel him tense up.

"I guess," Shepard said. "I don't want to talk about it. Seriously."

"You're gonna be fine." Kaidan tried to sound reassuring.

"I know I'm gonna be fine, I know that. But like. What if they put me under and I just… don't… come back."

Kaidan reached over and hit the spacebar to pause the movie. "Don't talk like that. You're just having shoulder surgery, for God's sake, it's—it's not something people *die* during." He said the word "die" quieter than the rest.

"Yeah, I know. In my head, I *know,* but I just keep thinking, y'know, what if… I'm the first?"

"Shepard," Kaidan sighed, wishing he could say something that would have been reassuring, knowing he couldn't. "If you do, Garrus will inherit your paintball gun, and he wouldn't even be happy about it, so you've got to come out of it in one piece, alright?"

"Because he'll miss me, or because my gun is so crappy?"

Kaidan laughed softly. "Both."

"Can I just…?" Shepard asked, and he extended his arm like he was going to hug Kaidan.

"Yeah," said Kaidan, and he pulled Shepard in, let him tuck his face into the curve of his neck, let Shepard hold him even though it was making his heart beat too fast.

He was certain this wasn't going to end with anything… well, *romantic,* but he liked the way Shepard breathed slowly against him, his first breath coming out shaky, the next a little smoother. Kaidan rubbed Shepard's back with the tips of his fingers, blunt points of pressure that made his tense muscles loosen up a little.

Shepard turned his head, and Kaidan could feel the shape of Shepard's nose against his neck. "I think I need to distract myself," Shepard mumbled.

"You wanna watch a different movie?" Kaidan asked. "Star Wars always distracts you, what about Star Wars?"

"Nah." Kaidan felt the vibration of the word in his skin.

"Then… what?"

"This is gonna sound dumb," Shepard said, leaning back from Kaidan. Kaidan's chest felt a little cooler without Shepard leaning on him.

"What is it?"

"I thought… maybe… would you make out with me for a little bit?" Shepard asked, and Kaidan just stared for a solid minute. He was pretty sure he'd heard Shepard wrong, or that he'd fallen asleep during the movie and he was now dreaming the whole conversation.

"What?"

"If that makes you feel weird, I mean, we don't… never mind. Forget I asked," Shepard said, turning so he wasn't facing Kaidan.

"No, I just—Shepard, I just don't want to do this unless it's, I mean… last time I kissed you, you pretended it didn't happen." Kaidan tried to get a glimpse of Shepard's face, but in the dark of the basement, he couldn't see his expression.

"Sorry," Shepard said, "I'm just… bad at this."

Kaidan couldn't help but laugh. "And I'm not? Shepard, when have you ever known me to be with *anyone?*" That got Shepard to turn and look at him again.

"I like you, Kaidan. But I don't want to screw everything up." He heaved a sigh. "I've already screwed enough things up."

Kaidan laid a hand on Shepard's shoulder. "It's okay. I mean, I like you too." He was blushing already. "I *really* like you. I just don't know if we can be, you know, like, *boyfriends,* or anything, because, well. My mom, and, I mean, I don't know if I'm *ready* for that, even though I've had a crush on you since like, Freshman year, and *god,* that sounds stupid, but—"

"Kaidan." Shepard cut him off.

"Huh?"

"Can we *please* talk through all this later?" he asked. "Right now, I just… *need you.*" He looked at Kaidan, and his eyes were a little red, like he'd cried earlier in the day and it was threatening to begin again.

"Yeah," Kaidan said. "Yeah," he said again. He was pretty sure he needed Shepard, too.

Shepard scooted closer, and Kaidan put his arm around Shepard's lower back, their knees bumping, thighs pressing together. Shepard leaned into Kaidan's side, tucked his face into Kaidan's neck. "You're so warm," Shepard said quietly, "like a human space heater."

Kaidan laughed, moving his hand to rub Shepard's back because he felt like if he left it in one place, his palm would sweat right through Shepard's T-shirt.

"I'm gonna kiss you now," Shepard said, and that was all the warning Kaidan got before Shepard's lips met his. The angle was off and Shepard got mostly the corner of his mouth, but Kaidan shifted and turned his head so he could fit his lips to Shepard's more smoothly. Shepard's lips were chapped; Kaidan knew he bit his lower one when he was concentrating, so his mouth was rough and dry against Kaidan's until he pulled back to lick them. Kaidan could feel the tip of Shepard's tongue against his own mouth.

Shepard got his hand on the back of Kaidan's neck and Kaidan imitated the gesture, his thumb rubbing through the short buzz of Shepard's hair when he tilted his head just a little to kiss Kaidan deeper. Shepard was stubblier than usual, like he'd forgotten to shave that morning. Kaidan didn't really mind, especially not when Shepard sucked on his lower lip.

Shepard laid one hand on Kaidan's side, just above his waistband, and Kaidan pulled back from the kiss out of surprise, because he did *not* want Shepard touching him there and figuring out just how chubby he was under his baggy T-shirt. Shepard leaned in after Kaidan, like he was trying to go for another kiss. "Um. Could you. Don't touch me here," Kaidan said, moving Shepard's hand.

"Why not?" Shepard asked, but he did as Kaidan asked anyway. "Shit. I mean. You don't have to tell me."

"No, that's okay," Kaidan said. "Not everyone is as, um, athletic as you. I don't have the greatest body."

"So? That's not why I'm attracted to you," Shepard said. "I, uh. Kaidan, I think you're really hot, you know that, right?" He blurted it all out in one long, confusing-for-Kaidan confession, and it took Kaidan a few seconds to catch up.

"You what?"

"You heard me," Shepard said. His fingers were clenched tight on Kaidan's shoulder, his other hand balled into a fist on his own thigh. "Kaidan, I'm serious, don't… don't laugh at me, okay."

"I'm not—I wouldn't—Shepard, it's just that no one's ever told me that," Kaidan said.

Shepard's hand loosened on Kaidan's shoulder, and he ran his thumb along the line where the hem of Kaidan's T-shirt met his neck. "Well. You hang out with a bunch of idiots," Shepard said. "Including me, I guess. For never telling you that before."

Kaidan ducked his head and laughed a little. "Thanks, Shepard. I, um. Can I kiss you again?"

"Yeah," Shepard said, "god, Kaidan. *Please.*"

Kaidan licked Shepard's lower lip and kissed him again, not really sure if it was good for Shepard, but *damn*, if Kaidan didn't feel amazing. When Shepard pulled away, he leaned his forehead against Kaidan's. "Hey. Do you still not want me to touch you?"

"Maybe, just…" Kaidan took Shepard's hands and placed them on his chest, "here. Here's good, and, um. My neck, and my back."

"How 'bout here," Shepard asked, sliding one hand to Kaidan's thigh, fingers not really touching him, just hovering slightly above Kaidan's jeans.

"Oh my god, um. Yes? I think?"

"You think?"

"Shepard, I'm like. Such a virgin," Kaidan said, feeling himself go red, and it wasn't just because Shepard had pressed the flat of his palm to Kaidan's thigh, just above his knee. "I've never even kissed anyone else."

"It's okay," Shepard said, his fingertips moving in gentle circles on Kaidan's knee. "If you want to stop, we can just, I dunno. Go back to doing whatever the hell we normally do."

"No, no, I want to help you, um, distract yourself, or whatever," Kaidan said.

Shepard frowned, and his hand broke contact with Kaidan's jeans. "I don't want you to just do this for me," he said.

Kaidan fought the urge to sigh dramatically and roll his eyes. "God, Shepard. I'm not just doing this for you. You're so… *Christ*, you're so gorgeous, and I've been. Um. Thinking about this for a while."

Shepard got this devious look in his eye, the one that normally preceded a scathing remark or a stupid Garrus-created plan. "Oh yeah?" he asked, sitting up on his knees and awkwardly scooting forward until he was pretty much on Kaidan's lap, Kaidan's knees digging into the back of Shepard's thighs. "What do you think about me, Kaidan?"

"I, uh. I'm not gonna. It's too embarrassing, Shepard, I won't tell you."

"Hey, if I die of shoulder-surgery-related complications, I can't ever tell anyone what you were fantasizing about me," he said, and Kaidan probably shouldn't have laughed, but he did.

"Don't *say* that!"

"You better tell me, then," Shepard said, "in case my anesthesiologist screws up."

Kaidan wrapped his arms around Shepard's waist and tucked his face into the crook of Shepard's neck. He hoped at least that would express how much he didn't want Shepard's anesthesiologist to screw up. "I… the other day, Sunday, I think, I was thinking about how we kissed that one time, and maybe some other stuff, but, um." He clenched his hand into a fist in Shepard's shirt. *"I touched myself,"* he said, a little too fast and a little too full of breath.

Shepard took Kaidan's face in his hands, tipped his chin up to kiss him, soft and then firm. "That's so fucking hot," Shepard said, still so close that his lips brushed Kaidan's when he spoke. "What did you think about?"

"You… on top of me," Kaidan said, "kissing my neck."

Shepard pushed at Kaidan's shoulder until Kaidan laid back, grinning at him all the while. Shepard balanced himself on his uninjured side, his opposite hand running over Kaidan's chest, just like Kaidan told him he wanted it. Kaidan could feel Shepard's lips against his neck, almost ticklish. "Hard or soft?" he asked.

Kaidan swallowed, his hand going to clutch at Shepard's hips. "Hard," he said quietly, his voice coming out in a rasp.

"Hard enough to leave a mark?"

"Yeah." Kaidan fiddled with one of Shepard's belt loops with his thumb. Shepard kissed him chastely once, then harder, sucking on his neck and scraping his teeth over the sensitive skin just over his artery. *"Oh,"* Kaidan sighed when Shepard ran his tongue over the spot he'd been sucking on. After a few minutes, Shepard moved further up, so that his nose brushed Kaidan's earlobe with every movement. Kaidan didn't even care that he was gonna have to figure out how to cover those up in the morning.

Kaidan held tight onto Shepard's ribs with one hand, and ran his others up and down Shepard's side. He was a little bit in love with the way Shepard's

lips pursed against his neck every so often, and the way Shepard's stubble rasped over his fresh bruises. "That's so good," Kaidan sighed, trying hard to keep his body still. When Shepard blew a stream of cool air over Kaidan's heated skin, he couldn't help but shiver.

Shepard leaned back and kissed Kaidan's lips again. His mouth was closed and Kaidan could feel him smiling. Kaidan laid a hand on Shepard's shoulder and could feel the way all the tension had eased there. He kept his touch light, wanted to make sure he wouldn't hurt Shepard's injured shoulder. "It's okay, it doesn't hurt if you touch it," Shepard said, "I just can't put a lot of weight on it or move it too fast."

"Got it," Kaidan said. "Do you want to move so I'm on top, then? That way you don't have to, like, hold yourself up."

"Yeah, or we could pull the bed out," Shepard said.

"Sure." Kaidan nodded and Shepard climbed off him, already nudging the coffee table out of the way. Kaidan sat up, took a few moments to breathe, and then stripped the cushions off the couch. He hauled the fold-out mattress out, and Shepard threw him the blankets that were piled on the armchair. Kaidan didn't bother with spreading the blankets out, especially because Shepard stepped up behind him and kissed the nape of his neck, his hips bumping up against Kaidan's ass. Kaidan could feel the bulge of Shepard's dick in his jeans, couldn't really tell whether Shepard was hard or not with the jeans in the way.

Kaidan turned around to face Shepard, and Shepard smiled at him, looking a little shy all of a sudden. "So, um."

"Yeah," Kaidan said, even though he didn't completely know what he was agreeing to.

"How far are we going tonight?" Shepard asked.

Kaidan would do literally anything Shepard wanted him to. He struggled to find a way to say it without sounding desperate, but he couldn't quite find

the words. "As far as you want," he said, hoping it didn't sound terrible. "I'm the one who doesn't know what I'm doing here."

Shepard sat down on the bed, and took Kaidan's hands in his. Kaidan hoped his palms weren't too sweaty. "Kaidan, I'm a virgin too, you know."

He hadn't been expecting that one, and he was pretty sure the look on his face reflected that much. "Oh… um. Are you sure you wanna do this with… with *me?*" he asked.

Shepard squeezed his hands. "Yeah. I do. I think about you, too, you know. I think about kissing you." He pulled Kaidan forward so that Kaidan was straddling his lap, and Shepard kissed him slow before pulling back. "I think about touching you." He ran his hands down Kaidan's chest, stopping right at his ribcage.

"Yeah?"

"I think about your dick," Shepard said into Kaidan's ear, and Kaidan couldn't see his face, but he knew he was grinning, could almost feel Shepard's cheeks heat up. Shepard kissed his cheek, the action incongruous with the way his hands ran over Kaidan's thighs.

"Oh my god," Kaidan sighed, and scooted forward when Shepard pulled him up. When he settled himself, his crotch was right up against Shepard's. He was already half-hard and his jeans were starting to get incredibly uncomfortable. Shepard rolled his hips up a little, grinding himself against Kaidan and moaning aloud. The friction was going to push Kaidan's zipper into a painful place any second now, but he couldn't find it in himself to care.

"Hey," Shepard said, stopping Kaidan with a firm grip on his hips, "I wanna take my pants off. Maybe my shirt. I just wanna be naked, okay."

Kaidan couldn't help himself, he giggled a little and rolled off so Shepard could take his clothes off. His nervous jitters returned full-force when he realized Shepard was probably going to expect him to take his clothes off too. And he definitely didn't have the kind of muscles Shepard was

revealing as he stripped out of his shirt. He was glad Shepard was facing him because he knew those back muscles would get him going even more than he already was.

"You okay?" Shepard asked him, putting a hand on Kaidan's shoulder. He tugged him closer, until he could press their foreheads together.

"Just nervous," Kaidan admitted, reaching out to run his fingertips down Shepard's chest to his well-muscled stomach. During swim season, Shepard was a little more toned than usual, and Kaidan could feel the lines of his abs. "You're just so… you know?"

Shepard laughed. "Kaidan, I'm the twiggiest guy on the swim team and I've spent the whole semester dealing with a crush on my best friend who, until today, I didn't think I had a chance with. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh my god, Shepard," Kaidan said, a slow smile making the dimples on his cheeks indent, "of course you have a chance with me. I'm crazy about you."

"I'm pretty crazy about you, too," Shepard admitted, a little smile on his face. "Can I take your shirt off?"

"Yeah," Kaidan said, "yeah, you can."

Shepard grabbed the hem of his T-shirt and helped him out of it, that is, until it reached his elbows and he got stuck. Kaidan had to bat Shepard's hands out of the way and wiggle out of it on his own. When he finally shoved it out of the way, he was a little overwhelmed by the way Shepard was looking at him, like he was the sexist, most gorgeous guy in the world.

Which he knew was complete bullshit, but he wasn't about to tell Shepard to stop.

"Can I touch you?" he asked, his hands planted on the mattress like if he moved them at all, he'd have them on Kaidan.

*"Please,"* Kaidan begged, and Shepard moved forward, swung a leg over Kaidan's lap and kissed him hard, hands on Kaidan's shoulders, his back, his chest. He didn't seem bothered by all the chest hair, either, just ran his blunt fingertips through it while he kissed the daylights out of Kaidan. It took a minute for Kaidan to fully register what was happening, but once he did, he ran his hands up Kaidan's sides, over his back. And *god*, his muscles. He stayed away from the injured shoulder, but feeling the pull and stretch of the tendons in Shepard's other shoulder and along the sides of his spine had Kaidan wishing he'd taken off his jeans in addition to his shirt.

"Are you hard?" Shepard asked. "I'm like. So fucking hard."

"Oh my god, yeah, I'm, um. I. Just give me a second."

Shepard leaned back with a string of, "yeah, yeah, yeah, fuck, okay."

Kaidan popped the button and slid open the zipper on his jeans, tugging them open just enough to relieve the pressure on his cock. "Damn, you're big," Shepard said, his teeth in his lower lip, looking down at Kaidan. "Here," he said, taking Kaidan's hand and tugging it toward him, turning his wrist so his hand was palm-up, cupping Shepard's dick through his jeans.

"Oh…" Kaidan sighed, feeling Shepard up, getting used to the unfamiliar feeling of someone else's cock in his hand. Shepard dropped his head onto Kaidan's shoulder and sighed happily, rolling his hips to thrust into the loose pressure of Kaidan's hand.

"Shit, yeah, that's good," Shepard moaned, absently kissing and sucking on Kaidan's neck. "Fuck, Kaidan. Lay down, okay?"

Kaidan laid back with Shepard on top of him, leaning all his weight on Kaidan and kissing a line down his jaw. Shepard thrusted forward, his cock sliding against Kaidan's, only their boxers and Shepard's jeans between them. "I thought I was gonna be on top," Kaidan laughed.

"Fuck that," Shepard said, "I don't wanna move anything except my hips right now."

"That's okay," Kaidan said, tipping his head to the side so Shepard's lips could catch on his. They weren't quite kissing, both too far gone for that, but Kaidan couldn't quite get over the fact that they were so close they were breathing the same air. Every time Shepard exhaled, he blew a warm breath over Kaidan's chin, and every time he moaned, his lips brushed against Kaidan's. Just that little motion sent a buzz through him the way it hadn't earlier, his lips oversensitive from the long string of kisses.

Every time Shepard ground against him, Kaidan made these helpless little noises in the back of his throat, his fingers clutching harder and harder on Shepard's waist and back with every passing second.

"Kaidan, oh my god, *fuck*, this feels so good." Shepard's voice was tight and pitched lower than usual, his hips stuttering out of rhythm against Kaidan's. "Oh fuck, fuck, *fuck*, Kaidan, I'm coming," Shepard moaned, and Kaidan felt Shepard's heartbeat racing against his as he came.

Shepard kissed him after, slow, deep, smacking things that had Kaidan wrapping his arms tight around Shepard and wishing he never had to let go. "Holy shit," Shepard said, his breath coming out in a rush of giggles. "I can't believe I just came in my pants."

Kaidan couldn't help but giggle too, kissing Shepard's chin. "You can borrow a pair of my sweats or something," he offered.

"Not before I get you off," Shepard said, heaving himself off of Kaidan and scooting down the mattress until he was between Kaidan's legs. Kaidan propped himself up on his elbows to get a look at him.

"What're you doing?" he asked.

"Throw me a pillow," Shepard said, "I'm gonna suck your dick."

"Oh. Um. Okay, I mean, if you…"

"You're okay with that?" Shepard laid a hand over Kaidan's.

"Yes, completely okay," Kaidan said, squeezing Shepard's hand.

"Cool," Shepard said, shoving the pillow under his chest to support himself, so he didn't have to lean on his injured shoulder. He mouthed Kaidan's dick through his boxers, and Kaidan moaned, shoving his hand over his eyes, completely blown away by the feeling of Shepard's mouth on him. "Can I take your pants off?" Shepard asked, and Kaidan nodded, then realized Shepard couldn't see him.

"Yes," Kaidan sighed.

Shepard hooked his fingers in the waistband of Kaidan's jeans and his boxers and slid them down but not all the way off, taking Kaidan's cock in his hand. "You really are big," Shepard said, pressing a sloppy kiss to the head of Kaidan's cock. Kaidan let out a shuddering gasp, and Shepard flattened out his tongue and licked over the length of his cock from base to tip. He sucked on the head, tonguing the edge of his foreskin.

"Oh," Kaidan sighed, and Shepard licked over the head again, then sucked just the head of Kaidan's dick into his mouth. "Shepard, I—oh, oh *fuck!*" His back arched a little as he came all over Shepard's chin and down onto his neck and chest.

Shepard sat up and grinned at him, wiping spunk off his chin. "Damn. Kaidan," he said, "did I get you to swear?"

"What?"

"I think I did," Shepard said, his grin widening.

"Shut up!" Kaidan chucked a pillow at him, but Shepard caught it before he could do much damage.

"C'mon," Shepard said, "let's sneak up to your bedroom and get changed."

Kaidan nodded and hopped off the bed, his legs still a little shaky. "Oh—um. Okay. Let's do it," Kaidan said, letting Shepard take his hand and haul him toward the stairs. At the edge of the stairwell, Shepard leaned over and pecked Kaidan on the cheek.

"I'd cuddle," he said, "but I'm covered in jizz thanks to *someone.*"

Kaidan laughed and kissed Shepard's shoulder, the injured one, right on the bump signifying the end of his collarbone.

They fell asleep that night with Kaidan tucked against Shepard's uninjured side, Shepard flat on his back with his head tipped to the side, his face buried in Kaidan's hair. Shepard was wearing his T-shirt and a pair of Kaidan's sweatpants, no underwear. Kaidan wasn't exactly that confident, so he had boxers on, and he was also snuggled in a hoodie that he'd had since middle school.

When the alarm went off the next morning, Shepard was still there, still curled around him, his hand on Kaidan's belly and his arm tucked under Kaidan's head. Shepard shifted a little closer to him in his sleep, tucking one of his ankles between Kaidan's. "Morning," Kaidan mumbled groggily.

"Hey," Shepard said, holding him closer.

"You holding up okay?"

"I'm…" he began, then blew out a breath that ruffled Kaidan's hair. "I'm kind of fucking terrified."

Kaidan wrapped his arm around Shepard's side and held him tight. "You're going to be okay," Kaidan said, trying to convince himself and Shepard both. "Anderson said I could come when he picks you up from the hospital."

"Mm-hm," Shepard said. "Hey. Promise me we're not gonna get weird about this?"

"I'm going to kiss you good morning when you wake up," Kaidan promised.

"Kiss me good morning now?"

He did. Their morning breath was terrible, but he did.

**Author's Note:**

If you want to watch me ship Kaidan with even MORE people, visit me on tumblr @weezna or on my NSFW blog @seldula.